

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS, &c.

AND

BENEATH THE HONORS, &c.

ADAPTED FROM DR. WATTS, AND SET TO MUSIC,

BY SAMUEL HOLYOKE, A. M.

PERFORMED AT NEWBURYPORT, 2d JANUARY, 1800;

THE DAY

On which the Citizens unitedly expressed their unbounded veneration for the

MEMORY OF OUR

BELOVED WASHINGTON.



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EXETER, PRINTED BY H. RANLET.

Hark ! From the Tombs, &c.

A I R.

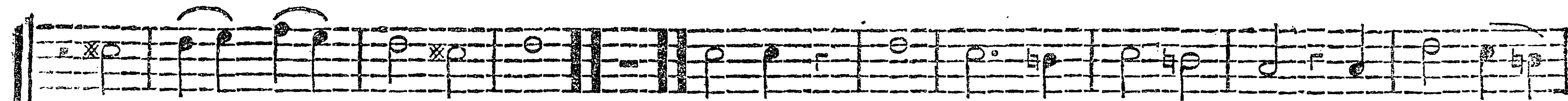
Andante.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody with various note values including half notes, quarter notes, and eighth notes, with some notes marked with an 'x'. The middle staff is also in treble clef and contains a similar melody. The bottom staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Hark ! hark ! hark from the tombs, a mournful found, a mournful found, My ears at -' are written below the staves.

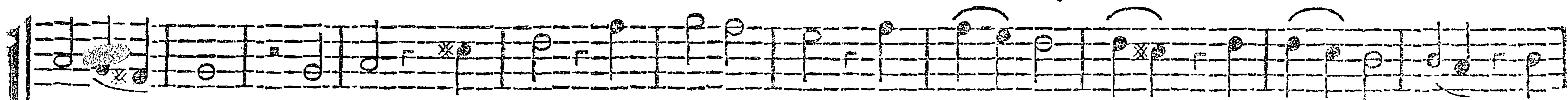
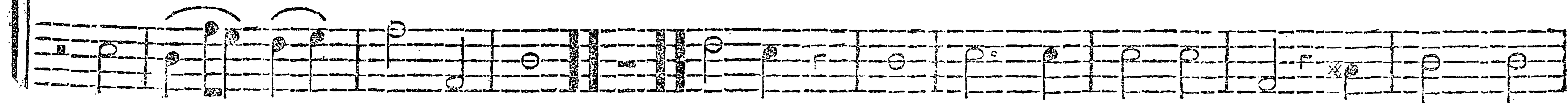
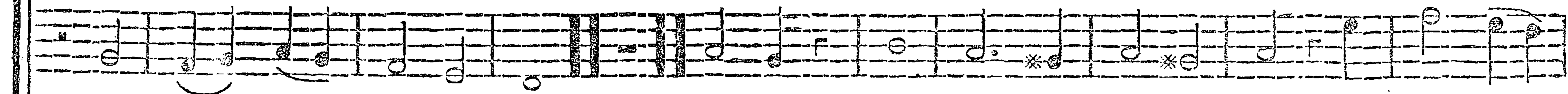
Hark ! hark ! hark from the tombs, a mournful found, a mournful found, My ears at -

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with three staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The middle and bottom staves provide harmonic support. The lyrics 'tend, at - tend, the cry. Ye living men, come, view the ground, come, view the ground,' are written below the staves.

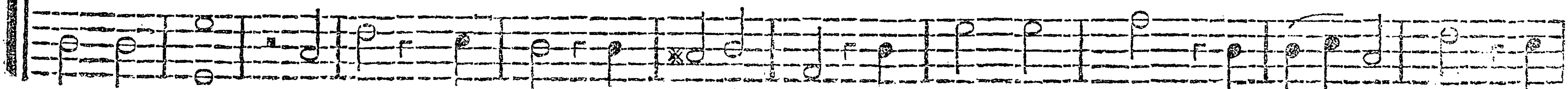
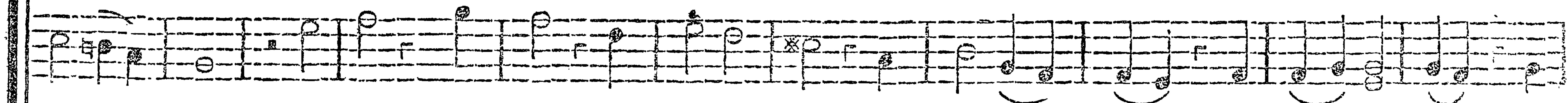
tend, at - tend, the cry. Ye living men, come, view the ground, come, view the ground,



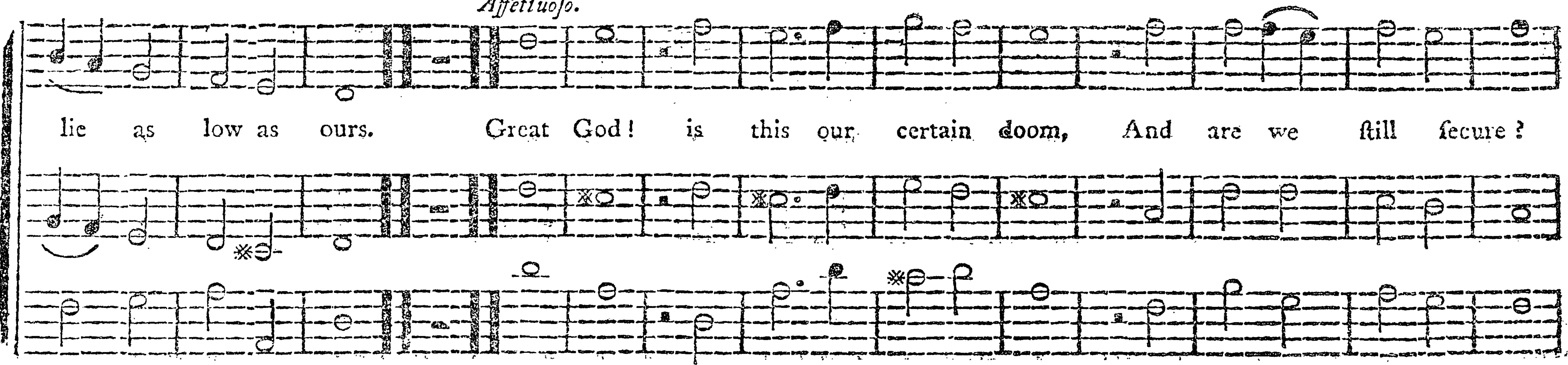
Where you must shortly lie. Princes This clay must be your bed In spite of



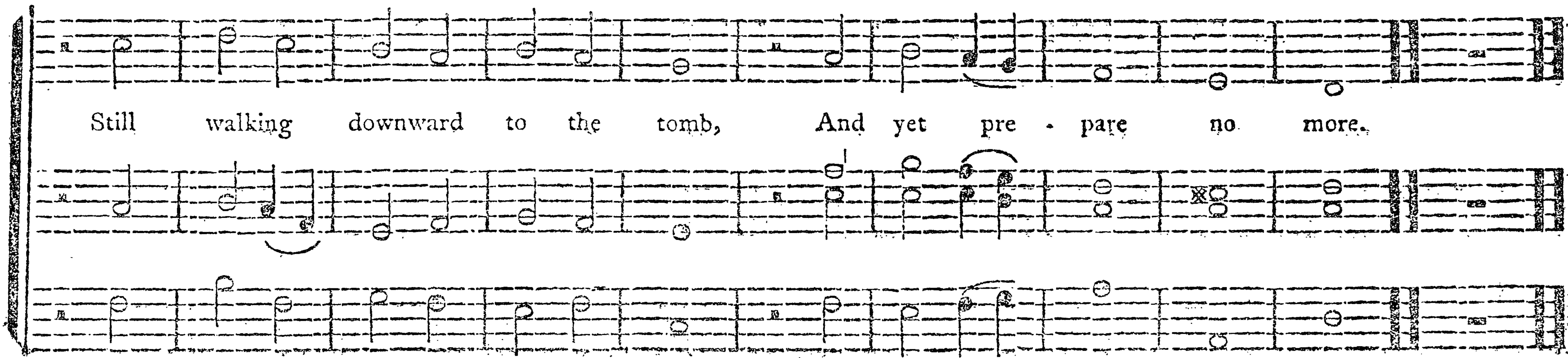
all your tow'rs, The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low, must lie as low, must



Affettuoso.



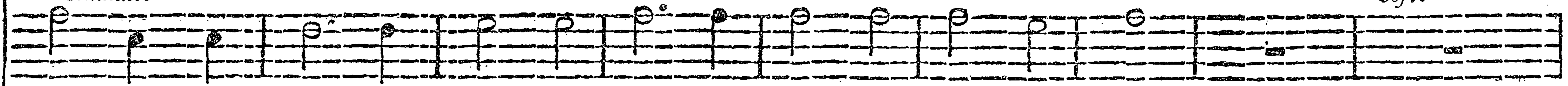
lie as low as ours. Great God! is this our certain doom, And are we still secure?



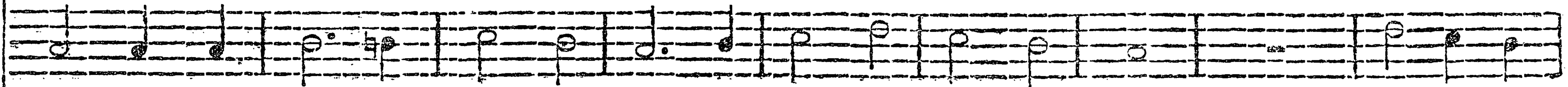
Still walking downward to the tomb, And yet pre - pare no more.

Andante

Soft.



Grant us the pow'rs of quickning grace To fit our souls to fly ;

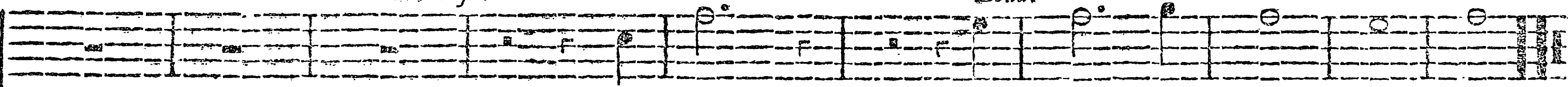


Then when we



Increase.

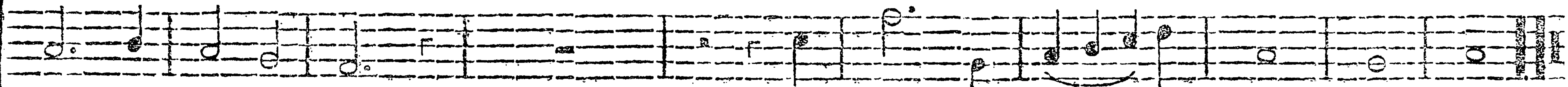
Loud.



We'll rise,

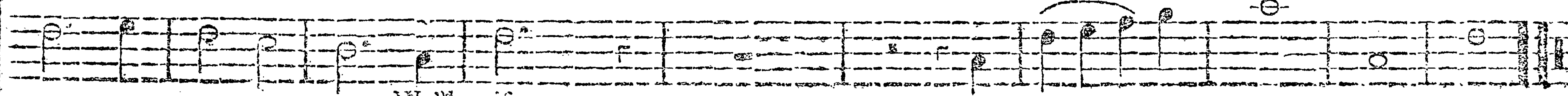
We'll rise,

a - bove the sky.



drop this dying flesh,

We'll rise,



We'll rise

Beneath the Honors, &c.

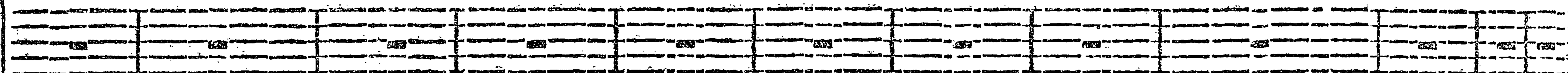
A I R. *Andante Moderato.*

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef and provide harmonic accompaniment with various note values. The lyrics 'Beneath the honors of a tomb, Greatness in humble ruin lies! How earth confines in' are written below the staves.

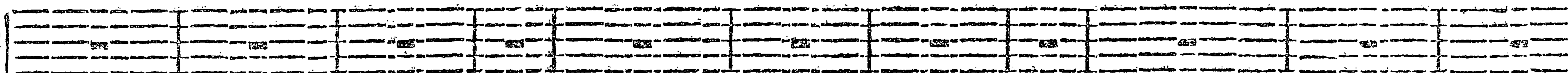
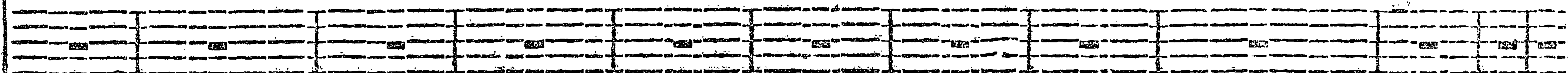
Beneath the honors of a tomb, Greatness in humble ruin lies! How earth confines in

The second system of music continues the piece. It also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melody, featuring some slurs. The middle and bottom staves continue the accompaniment. The lyrics 'narrow room What heroes leave behind the skies. *Expressivo.* Ye gentlest ministers of Fate, Watch' are written below the staves.

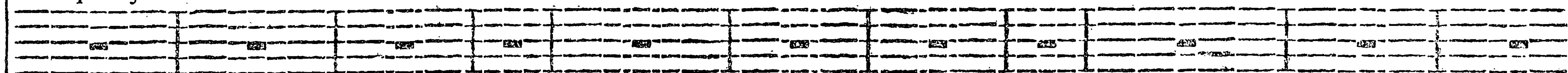
narrow room What heroes leave behind the skies. *Expressivo.* Ye gentlest ministers of Fate, Watch



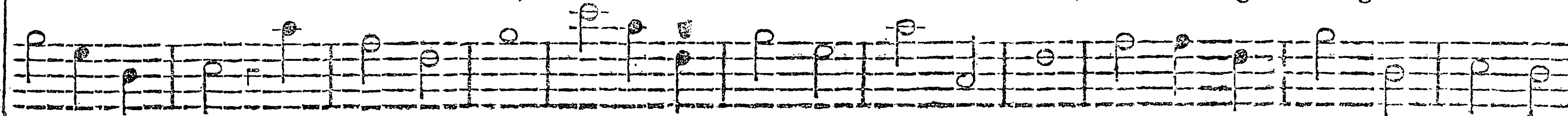
where our Nation's Saviour lies, And bid the softest slumbers wait, With silken cords to bind his eyes,



Spirito.

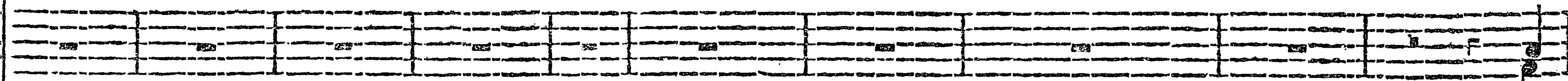


Rest his dear sword beneath his head; Round him his faithful arms shall stand; Fix his bright ensigns on his

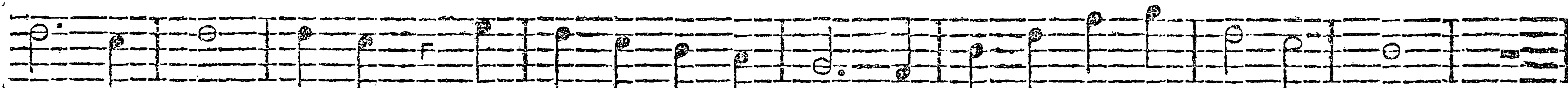
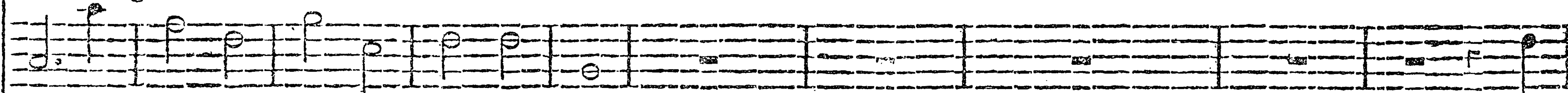




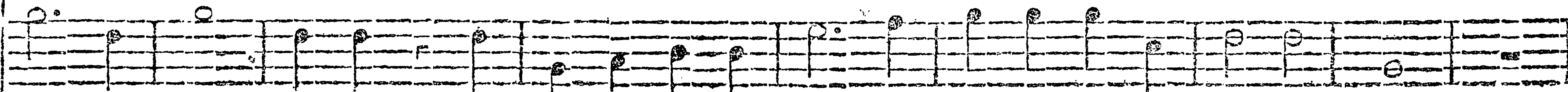
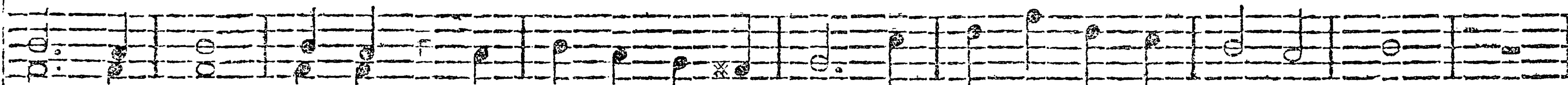
High o'er his grave, re - li - gion set, In solemn gold; pro-



bed, The guards and honors of our land.

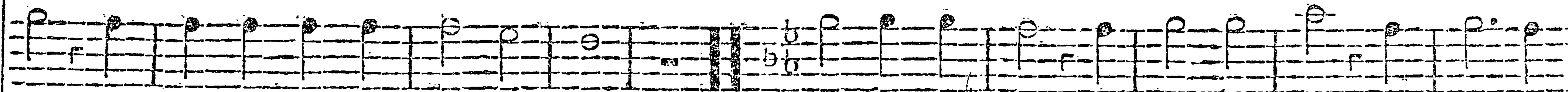
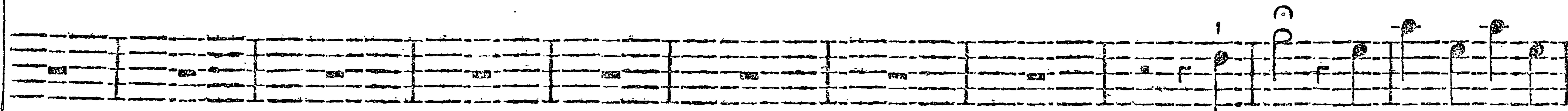
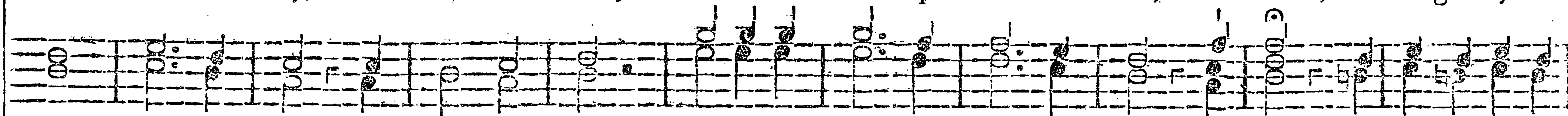


nounce the ground Sacred, to bar unhal - low'd feet, And plant her guardian virtues round.

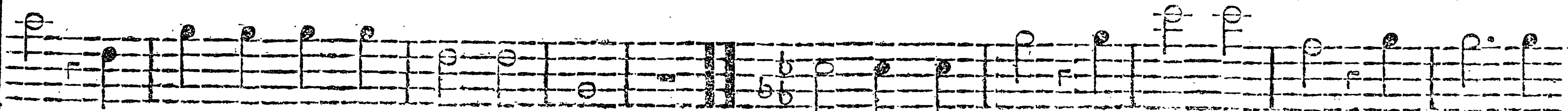
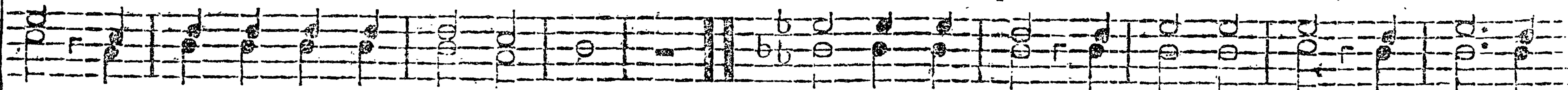


Soft.

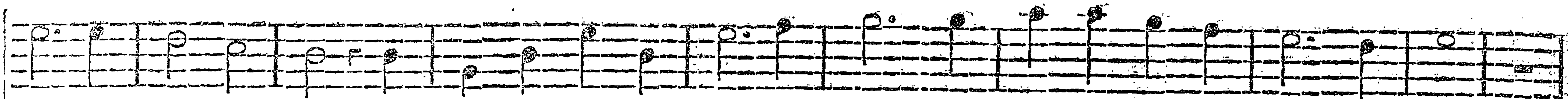
Fair Liber - ty, in fables drest, Write his lov'd name up - on his urn, That Name, the scourge of tyrants



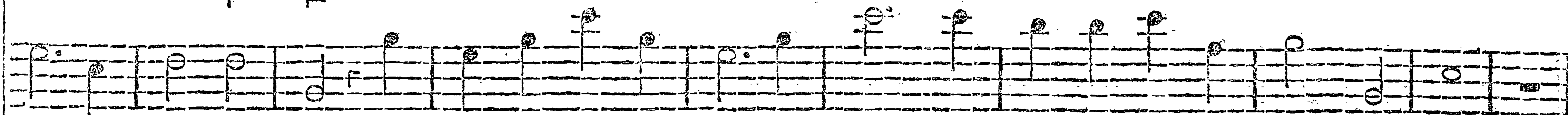
past, And awe of princes yet unborn. Stand on the pile, immortal Fame, Broad stars a-



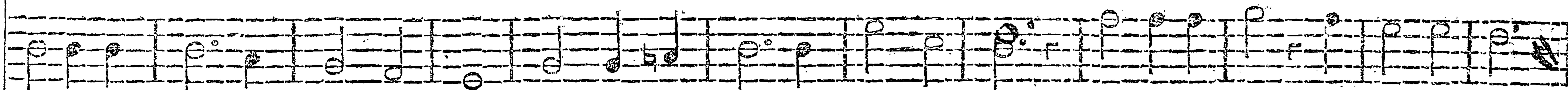
B



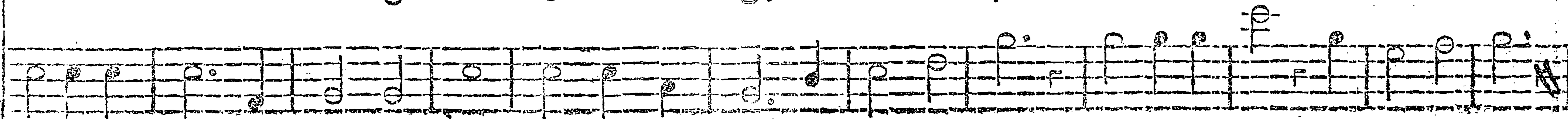
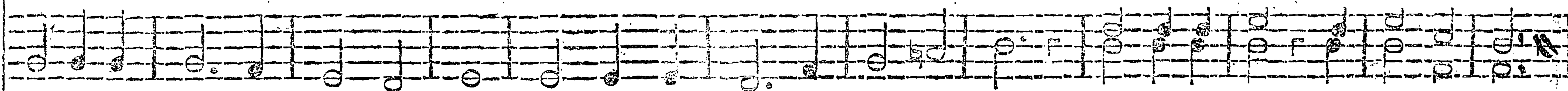
dorn thy brightest robe, Thy thousand voices found his name, In silver accents round the globe.

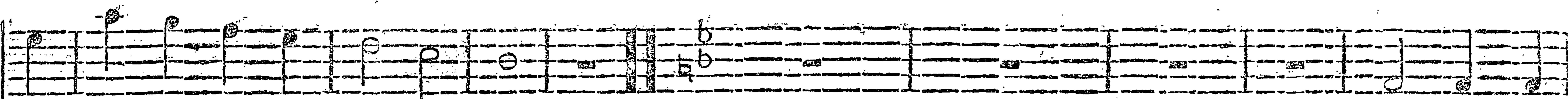


Octaves.

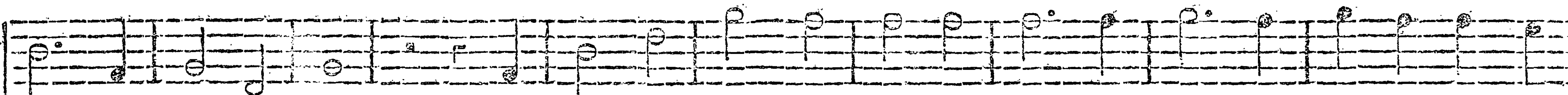
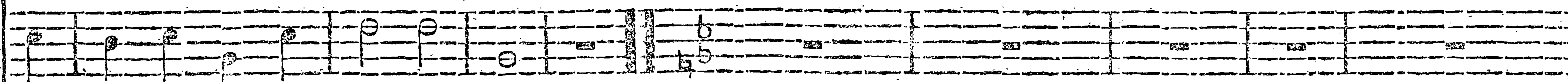


Flatt'ry shall faint beneath the sound, While hoary Truth inspires the song; Envy grow pale and bite the ground,

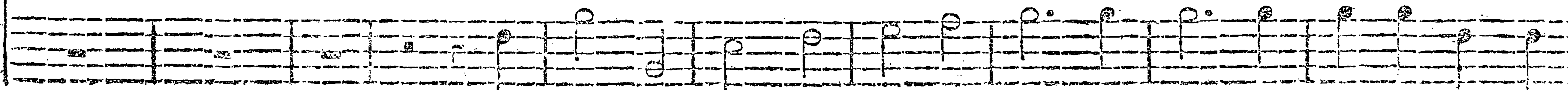
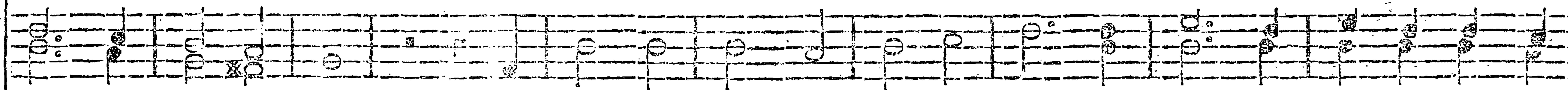




And slander gnaw her forked tongue. Night and the grave, remove your gloom; Darkness be-



comes the vulgar dead; But Glory bids the Hero's tomb Disdain the horrors of a



Maslo.

shade. Glo - ry with all her lamps shall burn, And watch the Warrior's sleeping clay,

Till the last trumpet rouse his urn To aid the triumphs of the day.